

ONE BILLION DOLLARS

in deposits by 1930

Bank of Italy workers have made a pledge to the founder of their institution—A. P. Giannini—to increase the deposits of the bank to ONE BILLION DOLLARS. This goal is to be reached by May 6, 1930, Mr. Giannini's sixtieth birthday. Through the enthusiastic cooperation of its officers, advisory board members, 25,000 stockholders, 1,290,000 depositors and its 4,600 employees—the Bank of Italy will be a billion-dollar institution by 1930. California deserves to have a billion-dollar bank. Teamwork will produce one within the next two years!

Bank of Italy

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National Bankitaly Company
(Identical in Ownership)
COMBINED CAPITAL INVESTMENT
200 MILLION DOLLARS

TORRANCE BRANCH

1330 Sartori Avenue
JAMES W. LEECH, Mgr.

Keystone Couple Revel in Warm Sunshine After Mid-Winter Trip from Bitter Cold Alaska Clime

Keystone—Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson, son-in-law and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Larsen of Main street have returned from their home in McCarthy, Alaska, where they spend a part of each year. They left here for Alaska the fourth of last June and would have started home earlier but were snow-bound while there, hence they did not leave McCarthy until January.

Mrs. Anderson tells of their journey homeward as follows: "Although it was early, dark and below zero we arose with a great elation—glad to know we were starting, at last, on our journey homeward, back soon to the glorious sunshine, flowers and dear ones. The winters there are long, dark and cold and of seven months duration; always that cruel cold one must combat, like a grey wolf always near, yes, very near sometimes. The monotony that eventually makes one feel like a caged thing."

A Hard Train Trip
"Our train pulled out of the little village of McCarthy at 7:30 A. M. In this Kenecent country are the richest copper mines in the world—200 miles inland. It takes us two days and one night to cover these 200 miles by train; a slow jerky train, the railway at all times dangerous—snow slides, bridges being washed out by heavy ice running. Down on the flats are such blizzards the rotary cannot operate and many times in a few hours the whole train being hived in drifting snow, the storms and delay lasting sometimes over a month. We always give a sigh of relief when that journey is over in the winter. Coaches are heated by smoky coal stoves so by the end of the journey one is grimy and fatigued, most always with a headache."

"We travel as far as Chitina, a small village, mostly Indians. There we spend the night in an old hotel with poor accommodations. In the summer a more modern hotel is open to the tourists."

Beauty of Scenery
"We are aroused again at 6:30 A. M. and rush out in the cold to

board our train. Leaving Chitina, a lonesome, dreary, depressing place, I am always glad. How desolate it seems. Now begins a jerky, tortuous trip winding through the Upper River Valley. Through this valley one gazes in awe at the grandeur. On our left is the Copper River and chains of great, white mountains on our right. The high mountains run perpendicular with the track. Mountains, white and glistening as far as one can see in all directions. A land of wonder, grandeur and cold white beauty. One is fascinated—how small and insignificant we feel. The loneliness and stillness grips you. The great magnificent mountains that rise in great colossal shapes, some like giant arrowheads rising in the sky, immense water-falls that drop hundreds of feet—frozen as if carved of some beautiful blue-green marble. A cold colorless sun is out for a short time. One always remembers this wonderful architecture of nature—far out away from all artificiality. There in the beauty and grandeur and stillness one feels a real nearness."

Sadness Pervades
"On leaving and watching these glorious mountains, frozen rivers fade in the distance one feels a sadness as though leaving old friends. In only a few years' time this country grips one and seems to cause a great restlessness and depression at times when away. Always is there that intangible, nearness reaching out that so few can resist."

"We now come to great sublimity of snow sheds and go winding through darkness; the seething, roaring and churning of the Copper River rapids which nearly freeze. We are now winding out of the valley—coming to the flats. Here the wind is blowing—it blows increasingly here at all times. The snow is being blown down over this barren stretch of country as in a desert sand storm. In the distance are glaciers and mountains. All is a monotonous white, here and there one sees wind-beaten and twisted shrubbery."

"After crossing Copper River

flats we again enter the timber—the sun has come out for a few moments, warmer than in the valley—everything sparkles, the trees are all covered with icicles and they look like millions of diamonds. It is fairytal. We now are crossing the big steel bridges which cross the Copper River. On one side of us is Miles Glacier and Child's Glacier; on the other side, great glaciers that stretch for miles and miles—of blue white ice rising hundreds of feet in the air. What a spectacle! Like great marble castles—rare sight."

"All this country is far different in the summer. It is then in all its wondrous beauty of colors—the velvety green mountains, dense brakes and under-brush, the blue-white glaciers, magnificent waterfalls, hundreds of streams full of fish, wild flowers in a riot of colors, water lilies; birds, geese, ducks, wild goat sheep, small game, bears; strawberries, blueberries, raspberries, currants, cranberries, moss berries, gooseberries and other berries. The enchantment of the summers are indescribable. The foliage is beautiful."

A Busy City
"We are now entering Cordova, 'The Copper Gateway of Alaska.' It is good to get into a modern hotel. Here are shops of all kinds, a modern moving picture theatre. The copper ore and much gold, fur and canned salmon are shipped from this port. It is a fishing center—many canneries in the surrounding country. The port is situated one mile from the dock. A high tide is coming in and going out leaving mud flats for miles. This is where the famous razor back clams are dug. Small islands dot the bay with their beautiful green foliage and trees. High mountains surround the town on one side. Here we find the climate very moderate, registering about thirty degrees above. One sheds their heavy clothes and fur coats and begins to feel normal again."

"The boat arrived in two days and at 9 A. M. we begin our sea voyage. It is a dark sullen day with occasional gusts of wind. It is a forerunner of a stormy sea outside. So in a few hours' time we are in the open sea, the Gulf of Alaska. It is blowing and soon we begin to feel the heavy pitching motion of the waves. The velocity of the wind is terrific—the snow, rain, and squalls—the mad fury of the waves sweeping over the decks. To most of the passengers the inevitable sickly sensation. The next morning all some deserted only for a few fortunate ones. So this storm continues unabated for forty hours, blowing against us—seemed like forty days to some. This water is often rough in the summer time. At all times a heavy swell."

Alaska Winter Travel
"Winter travel in Alaska is a real hardship. It is not a pleasure trip. At last—with what thankfulness we enter icy straits—the weather is changing. It is calm. We are again inside, the friendly mountains protecting us from the heavy gales. In icy straits one sees big icebergs floating about. Soon we are docking at Juneau, the capital of Alaska. Here is the governor's mansion. Juneau is a gold mining town although in late years most of the big mines have been abandoned. The halibut boats come in here with fish for cold storage. The weather is mild here, 30 above zero—a lot above—the wind blows a great deal here so it is seemingly very cold. How one appreciates being on terra firma again although with a little weariness after the rough weather. Great high mountains rise from the water's edge, most all the buildings are built on hillsides. The main street is only the waterfront. Here are modern stores, theatres. During the summer it rains almost daily."

It Gets Some Warmer
"Move on our way. The next day we stop at a little fishing village where there is a shrimp cannery. Here we purchase fresh shrimp of extraordinary size. They are delicious eating. The weather is getting milder. No more do we see white mountains, just 'slushy snow. Next we arrive at Ketchikan, a thriving, prosperous town, up-to-date stores, theatres, taxis, and curio shops. It is also a fishing center. Many small islands are seen in the distance making a very beautiful sight. The town boasts of very nice modern homes."

"Out at sea again; soon we are in the most beautiful passage in the world—the inside passage of Alaska, in Canadian waters. At all times the water is like glass. On either side are mountains rising out of the water at a stone's throw; small islands, patches of snow and foliage growing right to the water's edge—the reflection of the mountains and islands in the clear green water is a treat to the artist. On these islands and mountains are deer, ducks, geese, fox and small game in abundance; berries of all kinds; fish, clams and mussels. The beauty of this passage is unexcelled. One enjoys every mile of the way as it is always calm. We come to Queen Charlotte Sound, a four-hour trip of very rough weather."

Hail United States
"Now the weather is 60 above zero. We are well on our way, only hailing patches of snow. We are nearing Seattle—lighthouses every few miles. How wonderfully smooth the water. A warm breeze of air comes up out of the south and one feels very near home. At 10:30 we are docked at Seattle. It is a gladness that fills the heart. Once again back to the United States. Conversations, fresh foods, the familiar crowds and activity of the cities. Seattle is dark and cloudy and raining most of the time."

"On our last lap of the journey, starting for the Golden State. With great anticipation and a childish joy we look forward to crossing the Oregon line to California. The familiar hills already green from the recent rains. The trees and hills seem to take on a different aspect after entering

California. It rains all the way and is still raining when we come into San Francisco. Here we stayed for the night. We are tired and weary now, the extreme change of climatic conditions is beginning to cause a nerve reaction. Leaving San Francisco in the bus, the following afternoon was a glorious summer here. Arriving in Hollywood early in the morning, into the sagebrush country. I am a child again. I shut my eyes and see only sage brush hills. My heart sings. It is a gladness, one coming back to one's own—an inextinguishable joy. On our way to Keystone to our dear ones and friends. There is sunshine and rest from weariness, the soft, salty breeze blowing in from the warm waters of the glorious Pacific."

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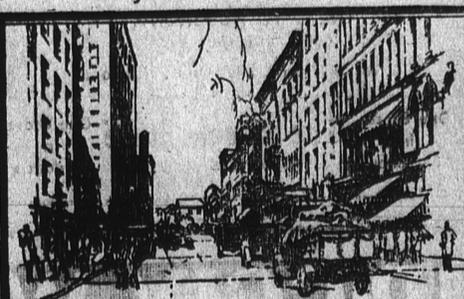
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